

"Where Can a Man Find God?"

"Mariella, Moth"

Youth

MAY 1929

15¢



The Class Play

On Sale at Leading News Stands

Eyes that disregard the rain see the rainbow

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

Unlabeled Demands

“WHY in the world did I buy that?” is a question that we often ask ourselves when the fact suddenly dawns on us that we have purchased something we did not want, at a price we did not wish to pay.

A momentary enthusiasm, the persuasion of a too-clever salesman, stimulated our “will power,” and weakened our “won’t power.” Perhaps the deferred payment plan contributed to our confusion. The comforting thought, “I don’t have to pay for it now,” seemed almost the equivalent of “I’m not paying for it at all.” The first of the month seemed remote. However, to the clerk and his employer, it seemed pleasantly near!

The first of the month comes round regularly, and with it come demands that accounts be settled.

We go along blithely, buying what we think we want, until, awaking to the price we must pay, we realize that some of our investments were imprudent.

It is often so with life, isn’t it?

In our avowed buying, what we get is largely governed by what we demand. A similar and more exact process goes on in our lives, constantly but unavowedly. By this subtle process we also get what we demand. We get not only what we demand by our words, but what we demand by our habitual thoughts, words, and acts. We may be unconscious of what our thoughts and words and acts are demanding, until the evidence of what they demand appears in what we receive.

Something unpleasant comes to us. We say, “Oh, why has this thing come to me!” We need only look back through our unlabeled demands, to find that some destructive habit of expression has called for the unpleasant result.

Some unexpected good comes to us. Although we are surprised at the form it takes, we can, if we look back through our lives, see how many of our past unlabeled demands have prepared the way for it.

The things we habitually think, say, and do, are like investments; what we receive in return is like principal and interest on them at maturity.

“What we give out, comes back to us—multiplied.”

Some such thought as the following might well be our motto in regulating our unlabeled demands:

I realize that with every choice, I am choosing consequences. I choose only those elements which are for my highest good, I seek divine guidance in all that I think, say, and do. Even when I feel very sure that my judgment is good, I am open and receptive to fresh inspiration and wiser counsel. I am one with the wisdom and discrimination of God. I act wisely and I judge well.

Mariella, Moth

Of Course There Are Moths and Moths

By Gladys Hasty Carroll

"O-OH, Barry, it was such a gay dinner! Remembering it will save my life when I'm gasping in a stuffy class room tomorrow. It seems a pity Lize has never had you

up before. You're a very nice boy, Barry."

Before the words were out of her mouth Mariella despised herself for them. Standing there on the little porch in the twilight, with her latchkey cold in her fingers and Lize's brother looking at her gravely, she knew that the dinner had not been gay. Her mind had kept wandering off to thoughts that would never do for table talk, and her few attempts at light chatter had died drearily before Barry's keen gray gaze. Much of the time they had eaten in silence, and she could feel Barry being glad that Lize had no engagement for the next evening. Why couldn't Mariella have had a tangle of yellow curls, and a voice that matched laughing eyes, and a little body suited to the wearing of chiffon? Her



"I suppose you're a fright, Mariella."

dress had been all wrong to-night, somehow—maybe the rose was too deep, or the ruffles not in the best places. And Barry was not a boy! Lize's saying it would have made it sound true, but all the time Mariella was thinking that Barry was a man, years older than she, and she wondered what was his opinion of the jury system—one of the many subjects that popular girls never think of, much less suggest at table.

"Have you really enjoyed it?" Barry was asking. "I thought it was a bit dull, myself."

Oh, but he was cruel! Those other men whom she had sat opposite, the few times that Lize and Polly and Jane Ann had needed a fourth girl, had always been polite. "Jolly night," they had said, on the porch afterward. "See you again, Mariella," though no one of them ever had. And now this Barry, so much the nicest of them all, was not even bothering to fib. Did he think she hadn't any feelings? Or didn't he care if she had?

MARIELLA jerked off her little rose velvet beret as if she couldn't bear the color, the tilt, the mockery of it, any longer. She faced Barry with eyes very dark and hurt and angry under the droop of her somber black hair.

"Of course it was dull," she told him hotly. "If we must be frank, it was *dull*—and stupid—and impossible. I'm no sort of girl to be taken out to dinner. It's too bad you tried it. But you can't expect me to warn everybody I meet that I'm a flat tire. They find it out soon enough, without being told. Remember it now, and don't ever try again out of some mistaken sense of kindness, for I don't improve at all. I try, but it's no use. I know everybody likes butterflies—bright, lovely, tender ones like Lize and Polly. I like them, too. I love Lize and Polly—oh, you don't know! But I fall back two steps every time I climb up one. I can't talk, I can't dress, I can't *be*. There you have it, Mr. Barry Nolan. I may be just a-a moth—but at least I face things! Goodnight."

IN THE dark of the hall she stood quite still for several minutes after his step had gone down the walk and along the street toward the trolley line at the corner. When she did turn to go upstairs, without snapping on the lights, her



hands were pressed hard against her hot cheeks. How could she have admitted all that to Barry Nolan, Lize's brother? What now would become of her self-respect?

The girls in the front room of the little apartment had not heard her coming. Polly, rosy and tumbled and powdered, balanced on the arm of the easy chair, manicuring her nails, her bath towel trailing the floor, her lips puckered for a whistle. Jane Ann and Fleur, a giddy little university junior who had lately slid into Mariella's old office of filling out the foursome, lay together on the couch discussing the fashion sheets of a magazine. It was Lize, stirring chocolate over the gas plate in the corner, who looked up to twinkle her fingers at Mariella.

"Hullo, there, old thing, home again? So glad. Could you, do you suppose, give this stuff a look, and say if it's ready for beating? Boy! it's no fun making candy after you've tickled the keys all day."

Mariella tossed the beret to a rack and slipped out of her coat. Somehow, only a minute later, Lize was perched on a shelf hugging her knees, all blue pom-

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A SHORT time ago I visited the home of a successful inventor. He had just purchased a high powered microscope, and we spent the greater part of the day placing tiny objects beneath its lenses and exploring the worlds thus newly revealed to us.

While placing a fragment of larkspur petal on the little glass table beneath the lens, a tiny speck of something white on the glass caught our attention. "Let's see what it is," my friend suggested. He spent a few moments adjusting the lenses and the table, until the speck was in focus. "Aha, my fine fellow!" he exclaimed. He made room for me to look through the instrument, and there appeared the joint of one hairy leg of some tiny creature. "What is it?" I asked.

"It is a very small part of that tiny speck you saw."

"How small?" I persisted.

Putting an ordinary pin beneath the lenses, he adjusted them so that the head of the pin was in focus. Only a part of the pinhead was visible, and most of that out of focus. I re-examined the white speck with increased respect. He was a remarkable little creature; remarkable not only for the excellencies of his parts, but for their minuteness.

Next we examined the larkspur petal. First a hazy purplish blur, then row upon row of gleaming amethysts set, apparently, in narrow rims of gold. And this

Where Can a

"Canst thou by searching

beneath a speck smaller than the head of a pin!

From a can in the refuse pile we got a drop of stagnant water. It was clear, and I was disappointed not to see the grotesqueries I had expected to find. But as I turned the adjusting knobs my eye was caught by a suggestion of motion in the clearness. Another turn, of the smaller knob. A shadowy outline. Careful, now. And there into view came the form, tiny even in a tiny field, of a little creature crudely fish-shaped, indistinguishable from the water about him, except for the faint shadow of his rounded sides; sides that pulsed, that contracted and distended as I watched.

I have looked through a telescope at moon and stars. Better yet, I have stood under the open night sky and have seen an arrant meteorite flash and fade. I have gazed into the milky way, and have felt extremely small. I have read learned discourses that told me our universe was a mere speck in a galaxy of universes. None of these experiences more deeply impressed me with the all-pervading wisdom and order of life than did my slight penetration of the tiny worlds that exist beneath our finger tips, that can be born, can live and die beneath the head of a pin—with room to spare!

Kirtley F. Mather, writing in the Forum magazine, says:

"That there is an Administration of the universe cannot be denied. Something determines the functioning of natural law, the orderly transformations of matter and energy. It may be 'Universal Energy,' or 'an absentee Jehovah,' or 'an All-pervading Spirit,' but it must be Something. The question, 'Is there a God?' is promptly answered in the affirmative."

Edwin E. Slosson, in his "Sermons of a Chemist" (Harcourt, Brace and Company) tells of the little girl who was busily engaged drawing a picture with colored crayons on a large sheet of paper.

Her mother asked her what she was drawing.

"I am drawing a picture of God," she answered.

Man Find God?

find out God?"—*Job 11:7*

"But nobody knows how God looks," her mother objected.

"They will when I get through," the child said firmly.

Men, perhaps looking for a picture of the Creator in the created, have imagined God in their own image and likeness. They base this interpretation of God upon a passage in the book of Genesis, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and have reversed the thought. Moreover, clear thinkers are suggesting to us that this passage means not that man was made to look like God, but that he was created in the picture which God held of him, and of like substance.

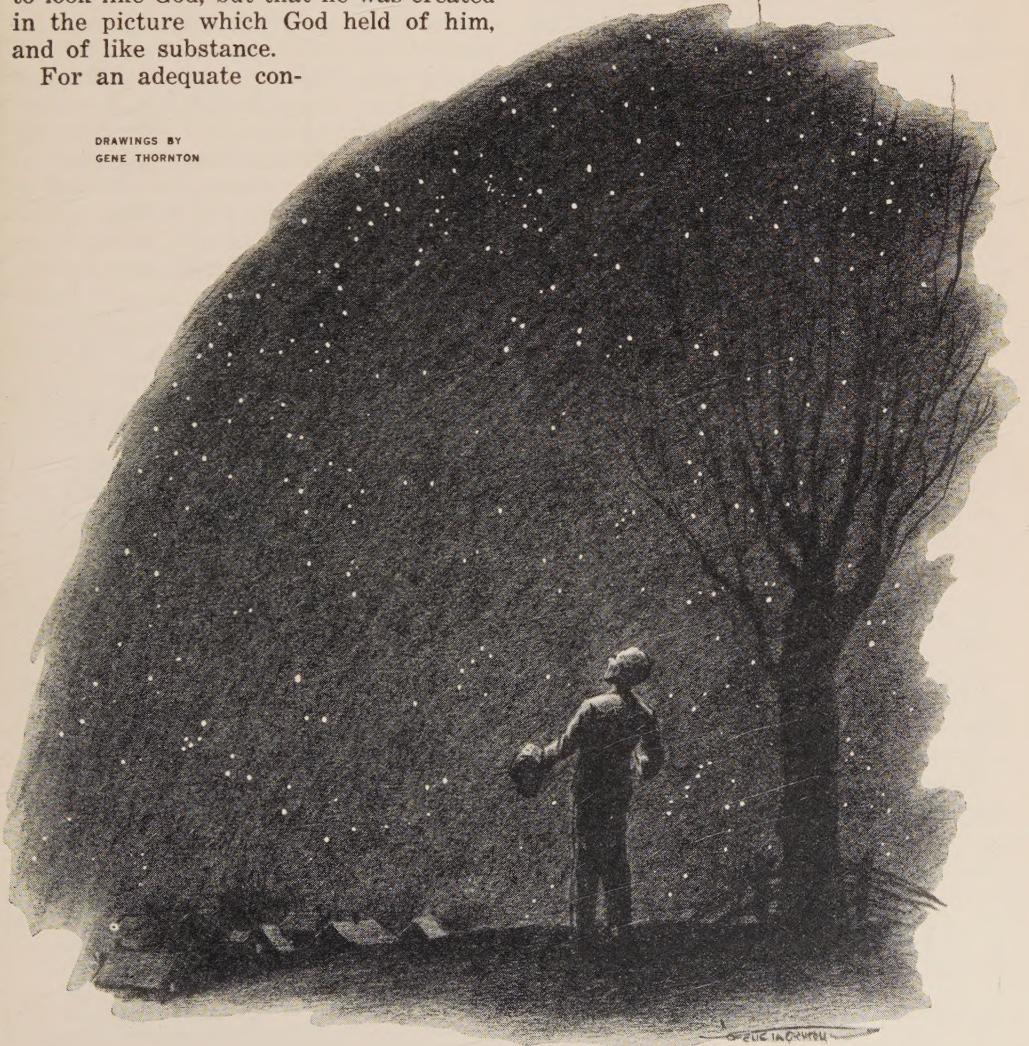
For an adequate con-

cept of God we must view His entire creation, a thing which we have not yet done, either in point of space or of time. The childish statement, "They will when I get through," is more profound than at first it appears. An artist's conception cannot be judged by an unfinished canvas. Neither can the nature of God be discerned by His as yet incomplete manifestation. "Man is not man as yet," the poet has truly said.

In our dreams of what we desire to be, we find possibly a truer picture of what God intends us to be than we can find in that fragmentary part of ourselves we have so far succeeded in carrying out into bodily and mental expression. Looking at life as it appears, we see only a very imperfect—because incom-

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DRAWINGS BY
GENE THORNTON



Bumps

From Fighting What We Want

By David Wayne

David Wayne is a very youthful writer—just about nineteen years old, in fact. In his contributions, youth is talking to youth; and youth has something to say!

"I'LL do as I please, whether right or wrong!" screamed Jill as she bounced out of her mother's presence and up the stairs leading to her room.

"And I *will*, too!" under her breath, "I'll show 'em. What do they know about my affairs? I wonder if they will ever realize that I have a mind, a mind of my own, and not a family possession.

"Am I going to the prom tonight? I am! Do I do as I please? I do!"

But is she? I'll tell you about Jill. She has her midyear examination in French the day after tomorrow. French is her weakest subject. She really needs to study. To make the honor roll, she will have to raise her class grade with her examination grade. She knows that and her parents know it. Jill wants to be an honor student. Who doesn't? Not even the students who loudly proclaim that they haven't "cracked a book" since enrollment would object if they found their names shining from the list of the honoraries. However, Jill also wants to go to the prom. It seems silly that Jill would hesitate over her decision, but—the prom is tonight!

A PSYCHOLOGY teacher once told me that the biggest fault he had to find with youth was the fact that it "lets present stimuli interfere with judgment." I did not guess what he meant until I began trying to develop judgment. That's the way with teachers. They give us in "grown up lingo" truths which don't reg-

ister until we are in a position to look back and say, "They were right."

Well, to go on with Jill: she went to the prom, but she didn't make the honor roll. Do you think she really did what she pleased? If Jill's mind works anything like mine, she didn't, because I know I did about the same thing, and I regretted it—and it wasn't what I pleased to do, after all. But do you think that I was cured by that? No, I spent almost four years in bumping my head against walls (one doesn't even have the luxury of a padded cell in such cases as Jill's and mine, because ours is one of the accepted insanities of normal youth) before I realized that only when I did the right thing, was I doing as I pleased.

THIS realization has brought me to the most challenging task of all—trying to choose the right thing. I have let my judgment remain without exercise for so long that it is rather dull, but I'm getting along better all the time and after I make three correct decisions, hand running, why, I'll write some more for Jill's benefit. That is why I'm writing this: to keep Jill from bumping her head for as long a time as I did. Much of the time I should have spent in growing I have used for bumping. Besides, it is taking time now to straighten out the bumps! And I do have to straighten them out, because I never could make correct decisions with a bump consciousness.

EVER in the strife of your own thoughts obey the nobler instinct.
—Emerson.

Under a Pile of Shadows

And the Way to Get Out

By W. G. Montgomery

SHADOWS are as heavy as iron. They have crushed many a life. I have a friend whose circumstances are easier than those of most of us. He has property, a good education, and social position, in fact, he apparently has everything to make him happy. Yet he is grouchy. He believes that everything is wrong. He is going round with a pile of shadows on his back. He is weighted down with nothing.

An old time engineer tells me that shadows on the track used to give him considerable anxiety. He would see something across the track that looked like a man. It was not a man, but a shadow. Then he would see another shadow that resembled a horse or a cow, and as the train sped on, he would see what appeared to be a pile of logs across the track. Anxious for the safety of his passengers, he wondered if somebody was trying to wreck his train. His heart beat faster, his nerves were at high tension, as he approached the apparent obstacles with caution. He says that, coming home at the end of his run, he was exhausted in nerve and brain. He had been struggling all night with a pile of shadows.

Notice a few things about shadows as they enter into human experience. When

we face the sun our shadows fall behind us; when we turn away from the sun, they fall in front of us. So it is that our usefulness and happiness depend largely upon the way our face is turned. Whether our life is filled with sunlight or shadow, depends not on where we live, but the way we look; not on what others do for us, but on what we do for ourselves. We do our own choosing. We can turn our faces toward the sun and let the shadows fall behind us, or we can turn away from the sun, and let enough shadows pile up to darken the whole landscape of our lives.

A FEW years ago a temple was unearthed in the Far East. On one of the walls there was carved the image of a king forging a chain from his crown, and near it was that of a slave forging a crown from his chain. Underneath were these words: "Life is just what one makes it." So this idea of being crushed with shadows is not new. The humblest person may be kingly and happy, if he will; on the contrary, the king in his palace may be wretched and poor. It all depends upon that to which we grant power.

In deep forests the shadows are thick,
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Launching Out Into the Deep

A Chart for Uncharted Seas

By

Ernest C. Wilson

THE many are followers; the few are leaders. The many follow in the footsteps of the past. They assume that those who have gone before them know best, and follow without question. Some-

times those who have gone before do know best. Often those who strike out on new ventures have only their added experience for their pains; but only those who strike out upon a new venture, who blaze a new trail, who launch out into the deep, or in some way improve upon the performances

of the past, make exceptional successes.

It is the youthful spirit in man that bids him to launch out into the deep; it is the spirit of the youthful Christ that bids him blaze new trails, establish new records.

That spirit must be balanced by wisdom, or results may be disastrous.

Commander Byrd has blazed new trails, and is now surpassing his previous efforts; Lindbergh took the wings of the morning and flew to the uttermost parts of the sea; others have accomplished almost equal feats of daring. But for every one who has succeeded, many have failed. In virtually every instance the one who has succeeded is the one who has most carefully prepared for success in his new venture.

Casual minded persons like to speak of Lindbergh's feat as an off-hand, brilliant, but careless gesture. They say that

BACK of Colonel Charles Lindbergh's successful and seemingly off-hand feats of skill and daring, are qualities of character which other young people who would launch out into the deeps of uncharted seas can well afford to emulate. Lindbergh's exploits have inspired countless other young people, among them Joseph Costanzo, sixteen year old student at Elijah Clark Junior high school, New York City, who made this bust of his hero.



he just filled the gas tanks, put a few sandwiches in his pockets, and started. Noth-

ing could be further from the truth. His venture may seem to have been off-hand, easy; but it seems so only because painstaking preparation gave it the grace of experience.

No more vigorous story, none more inspiringly true, can be found in the Book of books, than the story which is commonly described as the story of the miraculous draught of fishes. Like most of the incidents in the life of Christ, it is surrounded by the glamour of the miraculous. Men see in it the record of a power peculiar to the Man of Nazareth. He Himself said, "The works that I do shall ye do, and greater." It is easy, in this story, to understand at least a part of what He meant. On this occasion, as on many others, He performed a miracle far greater than to transcend the laws that we accept as being natural. Rather

*N*OW when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.—Journey of Jesus.

He made use of them to illustrate the power which right understanding of them gives.

The bold adventure of launching out into the deep is not for the careless, nor for the impatient, nor the lazy. Perhaps there is no place wholly safe for such, but the least dangerous—to themselves—is with the masses; in the well-trodden paths, the overworked fishing grounds, the almost fool-proof channels of humdrum endeavor.

"Launch out into the deep," is the call of the Christ. Often He calls to us when we have despaired of His presence or His help: but He calls to us also to prepare for the venture.

"Let down your nets for a draught," He says. Useless to launch out into strange depths if we are not prepared to take advantage of what we may find there. We must be prepared, if we are to succeed in such a venture.

There is another essential element to success. Courage and preparation are important, but they are inadequate without a third element which all great leaders of men seem to share in common.

In some it appears to be conceit; though more likely it is self-confidence. Actually it includes self-confidence, but is more than that. It is a serene, unwavering faith. It is the faith that Simon expressed when he said, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." It is the faith that says, "Though I have failed a thousand times in the past, I shall not be ruled by the past. I shall succeed because I am better prepared this time."

The commands to "launch out into the deep," and "let down your nets for a draught," have a broad application, that did not begin with His day and does not end with ours. They express principles which are fundamental to all worthy conquest. They demand always a responsive answer for their successful employment, an answer which is contained in the words of Simon: "We have toiled . . . and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net."

Courage, preparation, faith in success! There are miracles hidden in those
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Sandsy's Rebellion

In Which a Practical Joke Ceases to Be Funny

By Gardner Hunting

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ANDERSON PHOTOS

Sandsy's rebellion began, outwardly at least, that memorable morning at Hazelhurst High when Professor Pryor directed a sarcastic harangue at Robert (Sandsy) Sands. Sandsy's pal, Larry, came to his defense. Smarting under the lash of Professor Pryor's words, the boys hastily prepare a defensive article and publish it in the school paper, the Hazel-nut, of which Sandsy is editor.

Troubled as to the wisdom of their action, the boys pour out their story to Brook Carrington, an older friend, and he tells them of a Chinese coin, which he calls the "Look-see," and which he says will tell them the true answer to any question. It seems to work.

Dale Drayton and his friends persuade Sandsy to join them in playing a practical joke on Professor Pryor—a joke in which a length of clothesline figures prominently.

(This story began in the February issue of Youth.)

WE WENT back to Pryor's; and right away, Dale took one end of the rope and Billy Ring the other. They ran into the two opposite yards, Dale into Pryor's, and tied the two ends to the two door knobs. We stayed in the road and we were to find out when both were ready, and then signal for both to ring the bells.

While Dale and Billy were busy with the rope, and had just pulled it nearly taut across the road, I suddenly wondered what would happen if another automobile should come down through Orchard street while the rope was there! And all at once I sort of went cold at the idea. To be sure, no car except ours had passed since we came into the street, and it was a street that wasn't much used. It didn't seem any more likely that any car would come within the next half hour than it would have seemed half an hour before. It wasn't probable at all. But, boy! It was possible! And if one did come while the rope was there, what would happen? I had a hunch that the thing we were doing was dangerous.

The rope was already fastened by that time, however, and Dale and Billy were signalling us with quiet little "Psts!" that they were ready to pull the bells. If I did anything to stop the game now, I'd surely look like a fool, and I'd make them

sore. I didn't know just what to do. I thought of getting out my knife and having it ready to cut the rope if anything did happen. Of course I couldn't stand there beside the rope if somebody should run out of one of the houses after us. But the fun would be started anyway when somebody came out, and if I cut the rope then it would take them all the longer to find out just what had happened. It was dark enough so that I wasn't afraid of being recognized even if I should be seen from one of the houses. So I just got out my knife and opened it—and waited.

By that time Bones Campbell had given the signal to pull the bells, and he and Larry ran to the shadow of the trees. I stood there beside the rope, knife in hand, waiting for the fun to begin.

DALE DRAYTON came running diagonally across Pryor's yard, through the flower beds to the road. I remember I thought that that was doing real damage and that he should have come down the path; he could have come that way just as well. Billy Ring ran out of the opposite gate; but just as they came into the road, it suddenly occurred to me that there was too much slack in the line; it would let the doors open too far. So I grabbed hold of it, to tie a loop in

it if I could; and, afraid that the fun would start before I could do it, I was so excited I hardly knew just what I did.

Then, all at once, Pryor's door opened and the line jerked out of my hands. I jumped back and looked up at the house, and saw Pryor, plain as could be in the light in his hall, standing with his door about a foot open and trying to pull it farther and look out to see at the same time. Just at that instant, somebody opened the door on the opposite side of the street. Bang! The rope tightened, jerked Pryor's door out of his hands and slammed it shut, not missing his face by an inch!

You can imagine how funny it was. But that was only the start. Of course Pryor thought somebody was playing him a trick, and the first thing he thought of was to wrench the door open again. The instant he did that—wham!—the door across the street shut in the face of whoever had opened it. I doubled up. I could hear the other fellows laughing. And it seemed to me I never saw any other joke work so well. No sooner did the door across the street slam shut than it was jerked open once more, and again Pryor's door was yanked out of his hands.

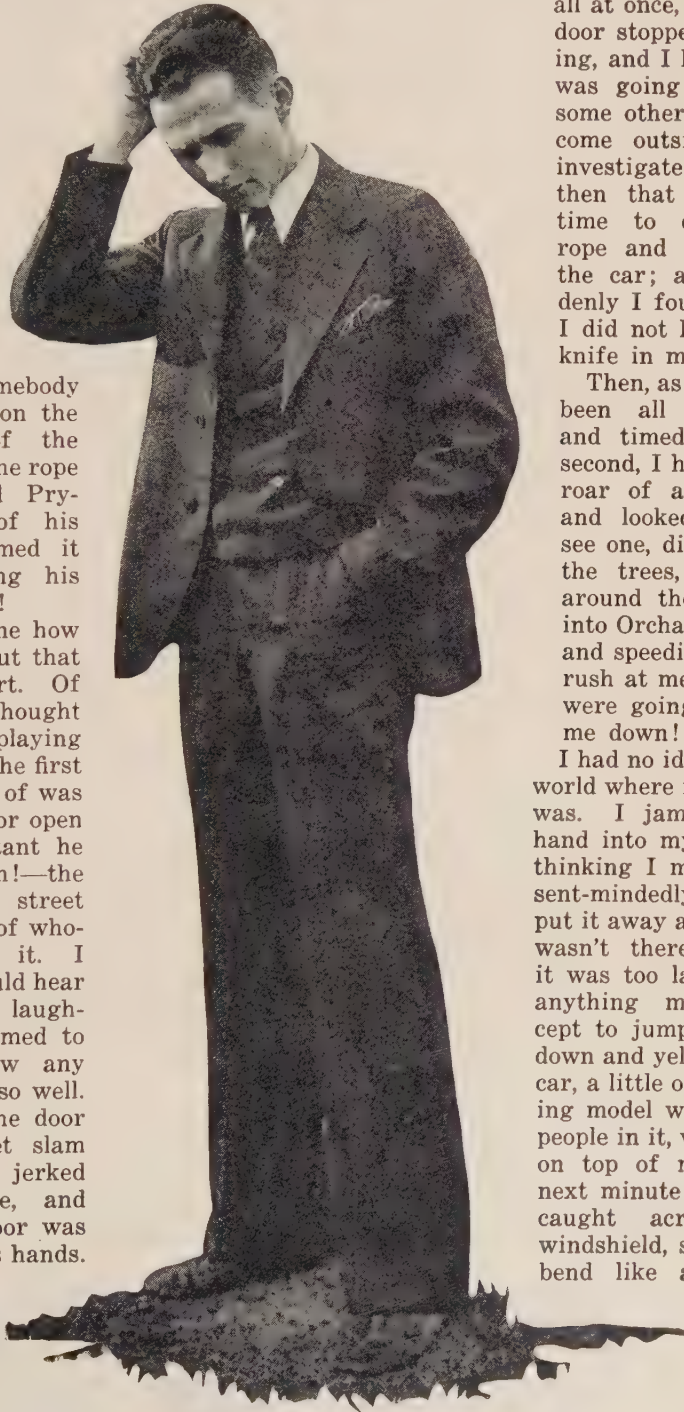
They did it three times! And then Pryor shouted out from his side, "Look here! Whoever you

are—I——" But he ended with a sort of "Perrump!" for the door shut him off short before he got out all he intended to say.

I went nearly sick with laughing, but all at once, Pryor's door stopped opening, and I knew he was going around some other way to come outside and investigate. I knew then that it was time to cut the rope and run for the car; and suddenly I found that I did not have my knife in my hand!

Then, as if it had been all planned and timed to the second, I heard the roar of a flivver, and looked up to see one, dim under the trees, coming around the corner into Orchard street and speeding up to rush at me as if it were going to run me down!

I had no idea in the world where my knife was. I jammed my hand into my pocket, thinking I might absent-mindedly have put it away again. It wasn't there. Then it was too late to do anything more, except to jump up and down and yell, for the car, a little open touring model with three people in it, was right on top of me. The next minute the rope caught across the windshield, seemed to bend like a rubber



"I must have just stood still."

cord, and snapped up over the top of the glass and down again. And I could see it catch, right across the face, the man who was driving! Next second he lost control of his car and it swerved across the road almost on two wheels, and hit a tree!

The sound of it, with the crash of the crushed radiator and the jangle of glass from the smashed lamps and broken windshield, seemed to me the most terrible thing I had ever heard.

Chapter V

I NEVER have been sure whether or not I heard anybody cry out. As I think about it now, all I can remember is the snap of that line over the flivver's windshield, and the jerk the driver gave when it hit him in the face. Then the car twisted to one side like a scared horse shying. And then—crash!

The cold chills run over me now, as I am writing about it. How terrible it seems when a thing like that happens, and you know that your chance to stop it, which you had a minute ago, is gone! It's done and done forever, and can't be changed no matter how much you wish it could be! All the regrets in the world can't make any difference! Just a minute before you could easily have prevented it! Boy! It makes you sick to the inside of your heart!

That night I wanted to die. When that little car crashed, the people in it just seemed to sink down into the wreck as if every one of them was frightfully hurt. Then a woman began to groan and cry and call out.

"David! Oh, David!" she said, in a strained voice, all hoarse and terrible.

I don't know what I did. I guess I must have just stood still because I didn't know what to do. The next I knew, though, Mr. Pryor had run out into the road, bareheaded and in his white shirt. You could see him well enough to know who he was. Then another man ran past me; he must have come from the opposite house. They both went to the car where the woman was crying, and as soon

as they got there the woman screamed louder.

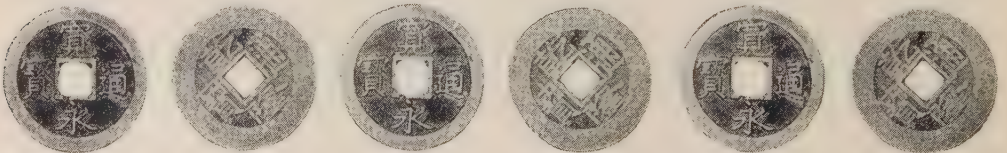
"Oh, heavens above! He's dead!"

When I heard that I thought it was just the end of everything. I knew I never should have let myself be dragged into playing that trick. I was the one who had suggested it. I'd known all the time that it was dangerous, and yet I had stood still and let it go on—yes, helped it on, too! The very thing I had known was likely to happen, had happened now! Somebody was dead! It was too late to stop it or change it or be sorry or anything! It was done!

I don't know whether I walked over to the car or not. All I know is that pretty soon I was there. Mr. Pryor and the other man were helping two women up, and I saw the man lying on the ground, dark and quiet. The car was all caved in, in front, and sagged over on one side. It didn't seem as if they would fall out, but they all had. One of the women ran around clasping her hands and crying. But the other one just bent down over the man. So did Mr. Pryor. Then the other man helped, and they all pulled the driver out from under the side of the car. His face was all covered with blood, and I knew he was either dead or unconscious because he didn't try to touch it with his hands. The woman kept saying he was dead.

IT WAS while they were working that I suddenly seemed to come back to myself and to know that none of the other fellows were there except one. That one was Larry. Of course I knew that he would be there if I was. He would no more run off and leave me in a pinch than he would stick a knife in me. I guess he would think leaving me was worse.

Well, when they had got the driver of the car laid out on his back on the grass, Mr. Pryor and the others paused and took time to look around. I saw Pryor catch sight, first of Larry, then of me. He didn't say a word to us; just stared a second. Then he turned to the other man.



"Help me carry this fellow indoors, and we'll 'phone for a doctor."

"He's dead!" the woman screamed again.

"Let us hope not," Mr. Pryor said, "but——" and then he gave his head a little shake and bent over to help lift. I saw the driver's hat lying to one side and I picked it up, as if that was something. As they started toward the gate I followed after them. They had a hard time to open the gate, so I opened it for them. Then Mr. Pryor noticed me again.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked me suddenly, as he passed me.

I didn't know just how to answer, but after a minute I said, "I was with the gang."

"Ha! Ringing my doorbell, eh! Smart little boy trick! Well, go away. There's something more serious now than childish tricks!" and he went on, helping to carry the driver toward the house.

I hesitated, and Larry came up beside me. The quieter of the two women came up and took the man's hat out of my hand, and she said, "Now, you boys, don't stay around here. There's nothing to see. Mr. Cayson is badly hurt, that's all. Time boys like you were home anyway."

I couldn't understand it; they didn't seem even to think that Larry and I had had anything to do with the accident; and Mr. Pryor seemed to be thinking very little of the trick we'd played in comparison. We followed on up to the door, which was open now, and Mrs. Pryor was in the doorway. All at once I remembered to look for the clothesline; and it was gone! That is, it wasn't on the door knob. Maybe Mrs. Pryor had taken it in. Larry noticed it wasn't there, too. He whispered to me.

The others all went into the house without paying any more attention to us, and somebody shut the door. Larry and I just stood there, not knowing what to do.

"They don't blame us at all!" he said, after a minute.

"They don't seem to know we did anything," I answered.

We turned back toward the gate and walked slowly down toward the road. I think I expected to find the other fellows waiting, but the little bunch that had gathered around the wrecked car was made up of people I didn't know. A man was telling them all about how it had happened, though he didn't know anything about it. He said that he was walking along the road and heard the crash of the car hitting the tree, and he believed the steering gear had gone wrong; either that or the driver was drunk!

Well, he knew so much about it that wasn't so, that nobody thought of asking us who really did know what had happened. Something put into my mind the idea of going across the street and finding out whether the clothesline was still tied to the door knob over there. That was easy to do, because nobody was in the yard, and we found out quickly that the rope was gone from over there, too.

I didn't see how Mrs. Pryor could have unfastened both ends of the rope and taken it away, and it didn't seem likely that she, or anybody else, would do it without making a fuss over it. Then I felt sure that Dale Drayton, or Billy, or Bones must have come back and sneaked it away while everybody was out by the car. That made me understand two things. One was that Dale and the others did not intend to get caught if they could help it; the other, that it wasn't necessary for Larry and me to be caught either, if we didn't want to be. If they didn't find the rope, they couldn't know what we had done. The driver of the car probably never knew what hit him; and certainly nobody else would ever know. Then I thought that if Dale Drayton and Billy Ring and Bones Campbell weren't guilty, Larry and I certainly weren't. I did suggest the



trick, but I remembered perfectly well that it had been Dale and Billy and Bones who had rushed to do it—and had done most of it. I had even been thinking about preventing it from doing any harm by cutting the rope. Nobody else had thought of that.

That made me remember my knife. I wondered if I had dropped it in the road when the line jerked out of my hands, as Pryor first opened his door. Somebody might find it! It was a knife my mother had given me, and she had had my name put on the plate in the side. Finding my knife in the road wouldn't mean anything, though, if people didn't know anything about the rope being stretched across. Just then I found myself standing there thinking about all this, with my hands in my outside coat pockets—and there was my knife, in my right hand pocket, where I must have shoved it without being conscious of doing so, when I started to tie a knot to take up the slack in the rope!

Of course I've thought this all out more since it happened than I did then. I was so nearly sick with the idea that the man who was hurt was either dead or going to die, that I didn't think very well. One minute I was cold with the horror of knowing that I had killed somebody; and the next second I was thinking it wasn't my fault; and then I was figuring that nobody would find us out. I'm ashamed now to tell you that I ever thought of such a thing as keeping still and never letting anybody know what had caused the accident. But I did think of it; and what's more, I walked away down the street toward Dad's car, thinking about it, and planning to jump in and drive away with Larry before any questions could be asked.

Well, Larry walked along with me. We didn't say much, except to tell each other that nobody suspected us. I kept telling myself that I had to have time to think, and that it wasn't necessary to rush in and do anything till we knew what the doctor would say about the man who was hurt.



WE GOT to the car, Larry and I, and stood and looked at each other. We couldn't say anything. I knew he felt the same way I felt. It was horrible. I had never been so afraid of what was going to happen as I was then, and yet I knew it would be the most cowardly thing anybody ever did, if we

should run away without telling. I wondered what Dale Drayton and Billy Ring thought we would do, but while I was wondering, I heard somebody on the pavement behind us, and Dale Drayton spoke to us. He had come out from the dark shadows under the trees, and Billy and Bones came with him.

"What happened?" or something like that, was what Dale asked. He looked scared enough, but was trying not to show it. He grinned in a cynical

kind of way.

I didn't answer him. I couldn't. I couldn't say that the driver of the wrecked car was dead, or that he wasn't; just the words were too terrible. But Larry said it.

"They think the man in the car is killed," he told them.

Well, those three fellows just stood stock still where they were, and you could see them get white in the moonlight. I can remember just how Dale Drayton looked. He had his hat off, and his black hair and black eyes made his forehead look like ice when he turned pale. The grin went away from his mouth, and his lips hung open. He turned and looked at me after a moment, and then suddenly he spoke.

"Do they know—about the rope?"

"It's gone," I told him.

"Yes," Billy Ring said, "we took it away."

"But do they know?" Dale insisted.

"I don't think they do—yet," I answered.

"What? Yet!" he repeated after me.

"What do you mean—yet?"

"Nobody's told 'em, I guess," I answered.

"Told 'em! Well, who's going to tell 'em, then?"

"Well, we can't just run away and

hide, if the man's dead."

"What *would* we do?"

"We'll have to tell them the truth."

"Oh, is that so? Well, what *is* the truth? Who proposed that we use that rope?"

"We were all in it, Dale," I said. "I suggested the trick and helped do it. But you were the one that suggested playing Pryor any trick at all, in the beginning."

He flared up. "What? I did not! It was you who said you wanted to let him know that the gang hadn't any use for him."

It was plain in an instant what he meant to do. He was going to try to slide out of all responsibility, and put all the blame on us. I remembered what Perry Pond had said. I was furious in a second. I was desperate. For of course the thing had turned out much worse than Dale could have anticipated it would, and all the circumstances fitted right into his plan.

"Oh," I said, "I'm to blame, am I?"

"Huh? To blame? Well, who had the quarrel with Pryor? Not I!"

I turned on Bones Campbell. "Bones," I said, "who proposed that we play a trick on Pryor?"

"Well," Bones answered, "I don't remember that. But it was you, Sandsy, that told about the rope trick; and nothing would have happened, if it hadn't been for the rope."

I KNEW that was true, but it was outrageous that they should be slipping out from under and leaving me to bear all the consequences of what we'd done.

"Then you don't propose to stand for your share of the blame?" I asked.

Nobody answered for a second. Then Billy Ring sniffed. "Well, just why should we try to take a share of it?"

"Because it belongs to you," Larry said suddenly.

"Oh, it does, eh?" Dale said, turning to Larry. And then, "Get this, Billy, and Bones," he added. "They're going to try to drag us into this!"

"Drag you in!" Larry repeated. "It was you that dragged Sandsy in!"

"Aw, where do you get that stuff?" Dale demanded.

"I got it straight, before this thing happened," I said. "Don't think we're not wise to you. You framed it to get me into a mess!"

He stared at me an instant. Then he came back hot.

"You're a liar!" he said.

Well, that's supposed to be cause for a fight. At least, you always hear that. Most fellows would think you were a coward to let anybody call you a liar and not hit him. But I couldn't see what good a fight was going to do then. I don't believe I really thought very much about fighting. I was mad enough about Dale's trying to slide out of all the blame for the accident; but I was too miserable over what I knew was my share in it to have any heart for a fight. It wouldn't make any difference whether anybody blamed Dale or not; I was to blame enough!

"Well," I told him, "I'm not going to run away from my share of the blame."

"What are you going to do—tell on us?" demanded Billy Ring.

"I thought you weren't guilty!" I answered.

(Turn to page 28)



Dreams That

IN a sleepy little oriental village the wife of a simple carpenter, carrying her child beneath her heart, dreamed of what he should be when he had grown to manhood.

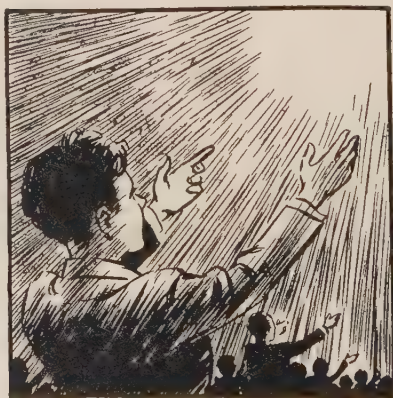
It is the nature of mothers to dream; to dream great dreams for those they love, and then to help make the dreams come true.

Mothers in simple homes of sleepy villages still dream great dreams. They dream that their children may become great statesmen, or even presidents of their country. They dream with reason, too, for many great statesmen and presidents have come from humble homes in small towns.

In the days of Mary, wife of Joseph, mothers dreamed that their babes might become great leaders, too; such leaders as would throw off the yoke of bondage from their people. Perhaps some even dreamed that their little ones might prove to be the long promised Messiah. Or did none but Mary dream that dream? Surely none dreamed so truly, for her child outshone all other children, and though His people could not accept Him as the savior of their race, He became the Savior of the world.

There was evidence to support her dream; a star and wise men, a prophecy, and most of all the inward voice of intimation. And "Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart." Ever since then, the world has kept these sayings also, and has pondered them—and Mary—in its heart.

Tradition denies Jesus a human father. The human tie that links Him most closely with us all is His mother. Perhaps the tie seems the



To M

By EDGAR

I AM knowing that you
For you are my mother
I know that no other can
To laugh or to sorrow

In each thing I am saying
I know I am building a
I know, while I wander
The world is beholding

I am knowing that you
And so, as I struggle to
I fain would be hearing
"Lad, I am happily pro

Make Greatness

stronger therefore. At any rate, mankind's love for the mother of Jesus is second only to their love for Him.

It may be this tender relationship of a Son to His mother that so hallows our thought of all mothers; or it may be the age-old bond between mother and child that existed even before the world knew very much about family responsibilities as we know them now.

There are those who claim that all our human progress is wrapped up in mother love; that mother love alone nurtured and cared for that most helpless of all little offspring, the human child. It was mother love that established the family, that fostered the idea of a family name and of an inheritance through the father's line (for women are loving, but men are strong). All this is but a small part of what mothers have done for love of their children.

In certain respects this mother love, the divine feminine, may be regarded as the third member of the Holy Trinity, even as it is essentially a member of all human trinities. Mother love is the holy spirit of God, the compassionate comforter and protector of life, the gentle presence which, like the promised Comforter, shall lead us into all Truth.

It is this spirit that is symbolized to us in motherhood; it is this spirit to which we give homage on Mother's day; the spirit which shines out to bless us through every mother's eyes, the love light which is blind to our human weaknesses and clear-sighted to our divine strength, which calls forth that strength through faith in the power of God within us.

ther

L KRAMER

t and my heart are one,
I am your son;
e you to sigh,
ly as I.

all that I do,
of you;
ad or the sea,
ther in me.

s soul of my soul.
ny dim goal,
each day is done.
y son!"



Grin Stretchers

Inside Information

"Was your late mistress surprised at your leaving?"

"Oh, no, mum. She knew about it before I did."—*Boston Transcript*.

Faith Well Grounded

"Well, Sam," asked the aviator, "how would you like a trip up among the clouds?"

"No, sah!" exclaimed Sam fervently. "I stays on terra firma, an' de mo' firmah de less terrah."—*Selected*.

Exaggeration

Brown: "Does your daughter read much?"

Black: "Well, from the kind of magazines and books I see her bring home I should say not much."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Illuminating Dish Course

Explorer: "Just to show you the advance of civilization—in the past the Eskimos used to eat candles for dessert."

Old Lady: "And now, I suppose, they eat electric light bulbs?"—*Life*.

How Money Talks

"Well, Dick, was your rich uncle glad to see you?"

"He was so affable, I'm afraid he must have lost all his money."—*Boston Transcript*.

To Laugh off Part of It

Salesman: (just returned) "What's the boss laughing so hard about?"

Office Manager: "He's having a little fun at your expense account."—*Life*.

Indestructible Vessel

A farmer visiting his son at college was especially interested in the experiments of the chemical class. "We are at present endeavoring to discover or invent a universal solvent," said his son. "What's that?"

"A liquid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," returned the farmer; then, scratching his head, he added, "But when you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Small Fraction

Knutt: "Look, there's something about me in the paper. It says that in June there were 15,738,526 passengers carried on the street cars."

Mrs. Knutt: "Well, what of it? I don't see where you come in."

Knutt: "I was one of those passengers."—*Answers, London*.

Almost an Inferiority Complex

He: "You're too conceited about your beauty."

She: "Why, not at all. I don't think I'm half as good-looking as I am."—*Selected*.

Words with a Kick in Them

Jack: "So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you."

Ethel: "Yes, but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me; we could live with him, so he would not only have me, but a son-in-law to boot."

Jack: "H'm! I don't like the expression 'to boot.'"—*The Kablegram*.

Believe It or Not

Inquisitive Lady: "Where did those large rocks come from?"

Tired Guide: "The glaciers brought them down."

Inquisitive Lady: "But where are the glaciers?"

Tired Guide: "They have gone back after more rocks."—*Selected*.

Unwilling Examples

A minister, in addressing his flock, began: "As I gaze about, I see before me a great many bright and shining faces." Just then eighty-seven powder-puffs came out.—*Capper's Weekly*.

Girl of Few Words

"How is Viola Vacuum getting along in the talking pictures?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. She has a double for four-syllable words."—*Toledo Blade*.

Optimism

We could tell you some more jokes, but what's the use? You would only laugh at them.—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.

Thought Stretchers

Ahead

HOWEVER hard the trail you go,
One blessed certainty you know:
That men shall follow from below—

That men shall follow who might fail
Where pathless woods and rocks assail,
Had you not cruised and made a trail.

—Douglas Malloch.

When a Boy Prays

WHEN a boy prays he forgets the importance of proper attitudes. He starts all right with folded hands and upturned face but he is soon running about over the room, demonstrating his desires and ambitions with the unbounded enthusiasm of youth. Older folks are slaves to attitudes. Attitudes may be helpful. They are not essential. They may even become handicaps to holiness. The greatest prayers are sometimes offered by men with heads erect and hands busy with the sacrament of toil.—Don D. Tullis.

Realities

PROVED facts are realities, while appearances may be but certain aspects of those facts seen under varying and often limiting conditions.—“*The Truth About Evolution and the Bible*”; Curtiss.

The Percentage of Happiness

IF YOU want something very much and have the conviction that you are going to get it, you will have five or six times as much more fun out of life than if you do as most people do nowadays—namely, weakly wish for something, but being positive that this is a hard world and Lady Luck is always turning her back, feel hopelessly positive you can never get it. Some people, you know, actually make a virtue out of never expecting anything good to happen to them. “Then I won’t be disappointed, no matter how things turn out,” they say. It may be true, but isn’t an advantage. Actually a positively hopeful outlook is a demonstrable help. Any doctor will tell you that. But it is quite possible actually to prove it by mathematics.

Here’s the way it works out: You know the saying, “Anticipation is better than realization.” Whether that is

absolutely true of everything in life does not matter. At any rate, anyone will admit that we spend a longer time looking forward to most of our pleasures than the pleasures themselves last after we get them. Just to put it roughly, suppose we say that two-thirds of a man’s time is spent in anticipation, one-third in realization. Anticipation probably occupies a much greater proportion of our time than two-thirds, but that ratio will do. The man who wants something very much, but who is quite sure he will not get it, even if, eventually, he does get it, spends two-thirds of his time in unhappy anticipation and worry. If he happens to be right and does not get the thing that he wants he has spent three-thirds, or all of his time, surrounded by gloom. Supposing that half the time he wins and half the time he loses. He has one part of happiness against five parts of gloom. In other words, one-sixth of his total time is pleasing to him—about sixteen and two-thirds per cent.

And the optimist gets two-thirds pleasant anticipation, no matter what happens, and three-thirds when he wins, making his percentage of happiness eighty-three and one-third, or five-sixths of the total time expended.—Frank R. Adams; *The Red Book*.

Preparation

WE GAIN time by careful preparation for the work we have to do. Many great accomplishments take but a short time to perform. Preparation is the major part of most work.

Kreisler plays a lovely melody to a vast audience. It takes but a few minutes, yet into that short time he has concentrated much intensity of feeling, and a perfected technic which it has taken long to acquire.

We save time by preparation. Establish order in your life and affairs if you would save time. You cannot get more time than you now have, but you can discover ways of using time more efficiently, to greater purpose, increased satisfaction, speedier accomplishment.

How can I gain faith in God?

By acting upon whatever faith you have.—E. C. W.

Mariella, Moth

(Continued from page 5)

pons and yellow crêpe, blue eyes and yellow curls, while Mariella stood holding the saucepan on the window ledge, beating steadily.

"Oh, you've been stepping out, haven't you, El? I'd forgotten. You see, Jane Ann and I had such a thrilling time with the boys. Polly and Fleur were a bit bored by their boys, though—collegians; but you had Barry. Isn't he a joy? All our family's tremendously proud of him. He's up here to consider entering Wel-dale Hospital, you know—house surgeon. Wouldn't it be gorgeous? I *love* going out with him. Did you have fun?"

Something fanned that new flame of honesty in Mariella. She shook her head, beating the harder. There was a minute's silence, then Lize's firm, kind little fingers played for a minute with the floppy flower on Mariella's shoulder.

"Poor old Mariella. You're such a lamb, really. I know you must be. If only you could get it out!"

"This is ready to pour," Mariella said suddenly. "Take it quick, Lize! I have to run and change, or I'll be late at the University."

She escaped into the narrow little bedroom that she had quite to herself and shut the door fast, but not quite until Fleur's delicious little drawl had reached her.

"University! Why on earth does she spend two perfectly good nights a week up there? If I ever get a degree and a paying job, won't I shake the dust of it off my feet! I should think she'd sniff enough chalk in the pesky high school during the day; and I don't gather that she's the clever sort, is she?"

And Polly's low, thoughtful answer: "No, Mariella isn't anything. Shame, don't you think? Lize and I are fond of her, though. We don't know why, exactly."

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour later the door of Professor Walmsley's recitation room opened just as he was

finishing the assignment of study for the next meeting. He took off his spectacles, holding them between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and looked up from his book. His thin lips smiled slightly and his pale eyes lit up with quiet pleasure.

"Good evening, Miss Kennicott," he said. "We were a little afraid we might not have you with us, but we have saved a chair for you here. Now, class, shall we take up the topic for to-night?"

He, plainly, did not find Mariella dull. That did not surprise her, however; she had known it all the year. A gray, tight, crinkled old man, spending his days with college students who wriggled and whispered, giving his nights to this sad collection of people who, because of dissatisfaction with existing conditions, dragged themselves wearily up the hill to him—of course he enjoyed her young maturity and her enthusiasm over every new theory that he expounded. The class smiled, too, in welcome. These were the people whom she could attract—failures, and old men who lived in dreams! Well, they could just amuse themselves to-night. She settled herself in the indicated chair, rested her chin on the heel of her hand, and pretended not to notice when the old professor peered down at her wistfully.

WHAT a sober, solitary life hers had been! As a child, in Mother Hubbard aprons, she had spent her summers on a swinging branch of an apple tree, her winters before the big, black kitchen stove, always with a book on her knees. The high school years had been long rides on horseback, morning and night, hours with gentle women who charmed her, and long evenings over her papers. College had been—oh, one

huge, amazing tangle of hardship and joy. The hardship of living off campus while everything gay and heartening there went on without her, of cleaning silver and tending babies and scouring



the bottoms of pans, of seeing popularity but never feeling its faintest breath on her face. The joy of books, books, books, and of meeting human wisdom that could, in a measure, interpret them. It was no wonder she had come out warped, she thought—though she had not realized it at first, of course. The position in the social science department of Griggs high school had been a most enviable appointment, and she had come to it feeling as if now for the first time, with money to spend and leisure to enjoy people, she could be fully happy. The members of

the faculty had been much older than she, and she had turned for companions to the business girls of the city—Lize, who was the typist in the main office of the school; Polly, who was secretary to a downtown lawyer; Jane Ann, who bought for the children's department of one of the smaller stores. And they had been friendly—had let her slip in and then had gone on living their own lives blithely, giving her time to accustom herself to it all. But it was there that she had failed. "Books?" Polly had said. "Bookish folks are the last word—poetry and all that!" So Mariella had not unpacked her little library. "Clothes?" Jane Ann had said to nobody in particular. "They're everything, that's just all"; and, "Be amusing, old thing," Lize had said, spinning her up and down the room. "Say little things, do little things—twinkle—make everything look alive. Be the raisins." Mariella had listened, watched, tried—failed. What could she do now? Had she really no personality at all? Was she, as Polly had said so thoughtfully, "not anything"? What was to be done about it?

"That is all for to-night. I trust you will not find the assignment too difficult, with your regular work. Let me know if it is. Miss Kennicott, may I see you for a moment?"

As Mariella stopped by the desk, almost reluctantly, she was a long time closing her notebooks and setting their clasps before she lifted her eyes to old Professor Walmsley. Even when she did, they were cold and hard, discour-

aging. But he seemed not to notice, fumbling among his papers, beaming at her mistily.

"Miss Kennicott, a few days ago I received a note inviting me to address the Business and Professional Women's club of this city. I assure you, as I have assured them, Miss Kennicott, that I consider it a very real honor. A very real honor indeed! But, unfortunately, the date is set for Thursday of next week, when I shall be deeply immersed in our midyear examinations."

Mariella shrugged her shoulders impatiently, hoping the next instant

that the movement had been properly hidden under her big woolly scarf. Oh, that scarf! Such an ugly thing on her! And a cheaper one on Fleur had been, as Fleur herself said, "swanky." Of course she didn't want to be rude to Professor Walmsley, but what *did* he think it mattered to her about his honors?

"—But as soon as my letter of refusal reached Mrs. Rich, the president, she wrote back asking if I would recommend some one to take my place. If I have your permission, Miss Kennicott, I should like to suggest your name. The proposed subject, 'The Effect of Woman's Individualism,' is one with which, I am sure, you can easily familiarize yourself, and I shall be happy to supply you with any material that I may happen to have on hand."

WITH her first realization of what was being offered to her, a shiver of interest and anticipation danced over Mariella, and a little glow of triumph turned her warm. It was the old feeling that she had known in college when she had been singled out for praise. To give an address in Griggs! Sent out by the university! How grandmother would read the item over and over in the paper! Mariella knew that she could speak. What she wouldn't say about "The Effect of—"

"Oh, but—I can't," she said. "Thank you so much, Professor Walmsley, but not before the B. P. W. No, really."

Of course she couldn't. Lize and Polly and Jane Ann might go! Usually



they didn't, voting meetings tiresome, but this time they might. It would be just Mariella's luck. And what would they say of her? "Oh, the bore! Really, darling, this is fierce. We can't share our roof with a heavy. Quick, what are we going to do?" Jane Ann didn't matter, much, but Lize and Polly were dearer to Mariella than any one else in the world except the little grandmother upstate. If she couldn't be like them, at least she must stay near them. She needed the butterflies, as she had told Barry, for their brightness, their loveliness, their tenderness. No, she couldn't risk it, just for the joy of feeling power in her hands once more. Besides, nobody except herself and Professor Walmsley here felt that it *was* a power—to think and to tell others what you have thought. "Be amusing, old thing!" Lize had said.

"Really, no, Professor Walmsley."

Then he leaned across the desk and put his hand on her shoulder. It was a queer thing for him to do. His fingers were as if they had been wrapped tight in parchment.

"My dear Miss Kennicott," he said, "you are very young. You have enthusiasm in your field—a rare and beautiful thing. Forgive me for telling you that I believe spreading it is a debt you owe and must pay."

Fleur had always said he was a preachy old thing.

"A debt to whom?" she asked him sharply. She felt distended with bitterness. "For what? I've never had anything."

He had not taken away his hand, and he bent his head until his dim old glance met hers squarely under the narrow rim of her little green felt hat.

"A debt to yourself," he said solemnly, "for mistakes you may have made."

Mistakes enough, goodness knew! Mistake of the shade of that rose georgette and the placing of the ruffles; mistake of all the clothes she had bought this year; mistake of every gay slang phrase she tried to use; mistake of telling her troubles to Lize's brother Barry; mistake of going out with Barry at all. Suddenly the weight of them, each so little, bore down hard upon her. Mistakes at everything!

"Very well, I'll give the talk. Thursday next? At what hour?" With me-

chanical precision she jotted down the date in one of the notebooks, while Professor Walmsley beamed again absently, withdrawn into the fastnesses of his books and papers.

THAT courage of complete despair did not stay with Mariella through to the next Thursday. Whenever Polly and Jane Ann were gayly friendly, when Lize asked her opinion of taffeta bathing suits, when Barry called up with another invitation to dinner, she wondered whether she might not succeed in learning fascination if she kept doggedly on. Of course she would still have her chance after Thursday, if only the girls did not take it into their fickle heads to attend B. P. W.—but if they did! A dozen times she was on the point of telephoning Professor Walmsley or Mrs. Rich. But always Polly and Jane Ann forgot her in a minute, Lize decided against taffeta despite Mariella's support of it, and Barry called up in the last hour to say that he could not get away from a conference in time for dinner. So seven o'clock Thursday evening found her standing before her closet door, listening for sound of the girls' coming in, wondering whether she owned a single dress that would do. If she might borrow Polly's heavenly blue crêpe—but she wouldn't for the world have Polly know that she was needing finery to-night.

"And, anyhow, I'm going to be the sweet, simple, and learned," Mariella said to herself, grimly. "It doesn't matter how I look. I'm a dud. I'm a grind. I'm a heavy. I'll wear Puritan underthings, and the solemnest dress I have."

She did, whimsically. The Puritan underthings were a set of white handkerchief linen that Lize had given her at Christmas. And the solemnest dress was an old black velvet, the only good thing of her college days. It paneled straight in the back, and was gathered into a drape on one side of the front. It needed, she thought, a rhinestone buckle, but she had only a big old pin of her grandmother's, heavy gold with two very blue glass stones. Her hair had not been waved the whole week, and, because it had just been washed, she brushed it back straight and twisted it into a coil at her neck.

"I suppose you're a fright, Mariella," she said, "a hideous, hideous fright."

You'll send all the business and professional women home to nightmares, I *suppose*——" So she must have felt that she was rather lovely.

ALL the way down the stairs and along Maple street and up Central avenue she walked very fast, her face deep in her coat collar. At last the lights of the B. P. W. club rooms flared just ahead at the corner, and she knew that she was safe from meeting the girls on their way home from dinner or on to a dance. Now if only it wouldn't occur to them to come! She had kept it so carefully from them, and there had been so little in the paper—which they never read anyway! To-night she could have her fun—it *would* be fun—and in the morning she could go back to her struggles. Perhaps her hair would look well done like Jane Ann's, with the ears bare and a fluff of curls over the forehead.

"I am Mariella Kennicott."

"Oh, Miss Kennicott, my dear? So lovely of you! Tickets have gone so splendidly. We're so pleased. Professor Walmsley says you're splendid. Just leave your things here. Are you wearing your hat? People are arriving already. So many men. That's unusual, you know, open though we declare these monthly meetings to be. Now will you come right up to the anteroom? It's nearly time. How nice you do look! This way."

Up in the anteroom Mariella arranged and rearranged her notes with restless fingers. It felt so good—the old, exciting sense of being important to somebody or something, hearing chairs being drawn up, recognizing the little rustle of coats and programs and greetings and a violin tuning up. If only the girls wouldn't come! If only they wouldn't! Once she opened the door a crack and peeked through. No, no sign. Why should they? They hadn't for weeks. Now if she could just forget about them, and get all the joy out of this——

MEANTIME, Lize and Polly and Jane Ann were frolicking through dinner with a redheaded little sophomore girl and Barry and three young internes from the hospital. They demanded favors, and appropriated the flowers, and blew out the candles twenty times for luck. The food was good, and their youth and fun

made it better. They were laughing together as they stood at the entrance, waiting for Barry to get his change.

But Barry, coming out, was suddenly serious.

"Going to the B. P. W. meeting, aren't you, Lize?"

She wrinkled her nose at him. "B. P. W.! Oh, my dear boy!"

"Oh, come on, Lize. You've that much interest in the girl, haven't you?"

Now she wrinkled her forehead. The others drew near, curiously. "Girl! What girl?"

"Don't tell me you folks don't know Mariella is speaking there to-night! It was in the paper."

"Mariella! No!" There were two or three little squeals of protest, and then Lize tucked her hand in Barry's arm. "All right, boy; I'm calling your bluff."

They were late, and the doorman hesitated about letting them in at all. He doubted whether there were any more seats. But after a conference with a brother of the order, he said they might step just inside the door.

"A young lady's speaking an' she hasn't a very big voice, so don't you tramp around till she gets through. There'll be some music then, an' maybe you can find chairs between times."

They slipped inside silently, all those who had come, and made a row along the wall. Jane Ann and her interne, Polly who had tossed her head and said, "Well, I'll go without you then, Your Lordship!" and Lize and Lize's brother Barry.

"Poll!" Lize whispered, "that's never—Mariella!"

But it was. Mariella in gleaming black velvet draped to her tall, fine figure, with a big old pin and a smooth cloud of hair and a voice that was warm and full. Mariella quiet, poised, gentle in her dignity. Mariella talking surely, reasonably, interestedly, of things that office girls would find too hard to read. Mariella, being herself.

"I'd say," Polly whispered back, "she's got her combination."

But Lize's brother Barry said nothing at all.

MARIELLA'S talk was not long. When she had finished she smiled, and it was a smile that included everybody

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The Class Play

The Artist's Story of the Cover Design

By Gene Thornton

THE great night had arrived, and the class play was on. Things were swinging along beautifully, and if the opinion of Mickey McFarland, stage manager, meant anything, it was "goin' over great." He watched the reactions of the audience from a small hole which he had prepared in one of the wings for that purpose.

No small amount of Mickey's attention had been given to Virginia Moore, who was seated in the front row left. Virginia had been the logical one for the girl's lead, but what with leading all her classes, being president of one of the literary societies, an associate editor of the school paper, and making excellent progress in piano study outside of school, her parents had simply "set their foot down," and that was that!

Just now happy satisfaction registered in every face in the auditorium. But Mickey knew what was about to happen in the play, and he thought he knew that Virginia was particularly fond of Jimmy Neal, who had the leading man's part. Jimmy was easily the most popular boy around school, just as Virginia was the most popular girl. Jimmie didn't show much favoritism among the girls, but what he did show was unmistakably in Virginia's direction. However, with pretty Bobette Dale playing the girl's lead, Mickey couldn't help feeling that something might develop.

THE play was rapidly approaching its climax. Mean old nickel pinching Locksley Shy was torturing poor little Jane Worthington (Bobette) with the overdue mortgage he was now drawing from his pocket.

"Come, gal, this yere aint nothin' tuh boo-hoo about. Jest marry me, and I'll tear thar papers tuh smithereens, an' fergit all about them hunnerd an' eighteen bucks I lent yer pa tuh pay taxes with. I stopped on my way over and brung th' parson along jest tuh save time. He's settin' over thar under th'

tree in my new spring waggin waitin' tuh tie th' knot."

Sobs and tears from Jane punctuated by groans and feeble protestations of Jane's feeble old father from within the shack.

Old Locksley grew impatient, and began to lose his temper.

"Well! Whut th' Sam Hill, shake a leg, gal, I ain't got all day." He took Jane's arm, and gave it a rough pull.

Then suddenly, in rushed Hoover Jansen (Jimmy), the young engineer from the city. He swept the tearful but pretty Jane into a manly and fond embrace—all too fond to please Virginia—and told old Locksley just where to head in, with such force that Locksley dropped the mortgage, and without worrying about picking it up, fled.

The auditorium roared with applause, and every face, with but one notable exception, smiled satisfaction. Poor Virginia! She had not had a date with Jimmy since rehearsals started, and she did not have to see Bobette's face to know the sort of "I've-slipped-one-over-on-you" expression that must be there.

As the players were untangling the badly snarled plot, Virginia set about untangling her thoughts. She had never thought about love especially. No, she didn't even believe she was in love with Jimmy. But something was hurting her, pride perhaps. Anyway the pain was there somewhere. Her thoughts raced on—proud of Jimmy's company—fine family—lots of money—dressed well—expect to have everything she wanted? that was not fair—ridiculous! How about meriting everything she got? Better idea. Envy of the other girls; bum idea. Jealous of Bobette! Ugh! that was a mean degrading thought. The littleness of it! Her mind was all cluttered up! Ah! That was the trouble! Suddenly she remembered reading, ages ago, stories about children who let their minds get cluttered up with mean little

(Turn to page 31)

Pros and Cons

Here the Reader Has His Say

Friends Read Youth

Texas—Please renew *Youth* for one year. Not only do I enjoy this magazine, but Mother is thoughtful in placing it where my young friends will see and read it. We never ask any one to read it, but find that the boys, as well as my girl friends, pick it up and enjoy it. Just now the boys, all of them football players, are very much interested in "The Four Mistakes," so I do not want to miss a copy. I thank you for the many good suggestions I have received from *Youth*.
—J. B. L.

Eternal Youth

Canada—Although we subscribe to and read all of Unity's publications with an increasing amount of interest, your *Youth* magazine makes a special appeal to us because through its teachings and cover-to-cover contents we are being instructed in the application of those particular Truth principles which, if properly applied and lived, will certainly lead to a demonstration of eternal youth.
—A. C. K.

Likes Sandsy

Kentucky—The story of "Sandsy's Rebellion" is very fascinating, interpreting the ideas of the younger generation like a book.—B. K.

Circulates

New Zealand—I thoroughly enjoy reading *Youth* as do many others in our large establishment. It is passed on from one to the other. It's becoming quite a library book.—Mrs. O.

This Helps Us

Tenn.—*Youth* helps me in my every day living and in my school work.

My schoolmates and other friends enjoy reading it.—L. G. N.

You See the World Differently

Colo.—When one is on the wrong track and feels as if nothing matters, *Youth* magazine makes everything worth while, and the world a better place.
—M. M.

More Power to You

S. Australia—I am writing to thank you for your interest in my work. I have passed in every subject, with two credits—top of the state in French and 9th in Latin. I wished very much to go to the university, and I thought it was not possible. There is now a brilliant hope of my going.

We had the most perfect harmony in our house on Christmas day that I can remember, although as a rule we are a very turbulent family, there being five children in it!—K. E. P.

School Teacher Approves

Mass.—I wish *Youth* could be in every school in the United States. It is a great magazine for both young and old.
—C. E. S.

(Miss Stearns is a teacher of thirty-five years' experience.)

Another Mr. Pryor?

Texas—I should like you to send *Youth* to the principal of our school. He is a young man; he and his wife both teach, and he seems to be trying in every way to make his teaching a success from the pupil's standpoint as well as from that of the adults. The children like him, but the superintendent is very much like Mr. Pryor in "Sandsy's Rebellion." I would like for them both to read it.

I think "Sandsy's Rebellion" is a wonderful story. It really expresses youth's point of view.—Mrs. R. E. J.

Which Shall I Say?



"I've lost my job,"

OR—

"I'll earn a position."

Sandsy's Rebellion

(Continued from page 17)

"Well, we're not. But you're going to say we are."

"Who told you that?"

"And why shouldn't we?" Larry put in.

The three of them looked at one another for a second. Then Dale turned to me with his mouth set.

"It's three against two," he said. "They'll take our word as soon as yours." Then he looked ugly. "But if you try it, I surely will get you, Bob Sands!"

"You mean, you'll try again, Dale," I answered him, "but you needn't worry. I wouldn't tell on you in a thousand years!"

"Yeh! I guess you won't. You won't dare!"

"No, I wouldn't dare be such a skunk. If I told on you when you were trying to lay all the blame on me, I'd put myself in your class."

That one got to him. He stood still a minute, narrowing his eyes at me. Then he said: "The time will come when we can settle this between us. We can't start anything here."

"No," I said, "you'd better not be seen or heard around here. Better go and fix up your alibi."

He hesitated. For a minute I thought he was going to hit me, but he turned abruptly to Billy Ring.

"Come on," he said, "let's beat it. We're not in on anything these guys do!"

"No," I said, "but don't forget that the gang at Pond's knew you started away with us."

"Yes," Billy Ring said, "but that was a long time ago."

He sniggered. But then Larry took him up.

"Well," he said, "I guess it might be a good idea to mark you so that you'll have to explain where you got it. Put up your hands. I'm going to smash you in the nose."

He would have done so, too, but just then we heard somebody coming along the pavement. Dale and Billy Ring turned to look, and next second, the two of them and Bones Campbell turned and ran away into the darkness.

LARRY looked after them a second. Then he turned and looked back at a

man who was coming toward us from the direction of Pryor's.

"Do we stick, Sandsy?" he asked.

"What else can we do?" I asked him. I didn't feel very brave and heroic. I'm not trying to make that out. I just couldn't see anything in getting away the way Dale Drayton was getting away. It wouldn't make tomorrow any better. It seemed to me I couldn't imagine going on living, with the knowledge that I'd done such a thing as I had done and had not owned up to it.

Well, the man coming along the street caught up with us. I expected he would come right out and tell us that the driver of the wrecked car was dead, and that they wanted us. Of course that was because I didn't think straight. He went right by us without seeming to pay any attention to us at all. Larry looked at me and shrugged.

"Well, come on," I said, and turned back toward Pryor's. I couldn't stand not doing the thing any longer. If you think I take any credit to myself for that, just stop and think how you would have felt if you'd been in my shoes that night.

So we went back, and into Pryor's yard. The bungalow was all brightly lighted now. A car that we found out was the doctor's stood out in front. People were moving around inside the house, as if there was a lot going on. We stood at the gate and looked in.

"If he were dead," Larry said, all at once, "they wouldn't be running up and down so much."

I thought that must be so, and it gave me the first feeling of hope I had had since the accident happened. It came up inside of me, and I just sobbed right out. Kid stuff, of course. But I never felt that way before. I opened the gate and walked straight up the walk to the house, and Larry with me. You don't know why you do a thing like that. I had to know what was true. It wasn't a question of doing right or wrong. I had to.

We got to the porch and were standing by the steps, when the door opened suddenly and a man, evidently the doctor, came out. A woman was behind him

in the doorway, and they were smiling quite pleasantly.

"Oh, no, he'll do, all right," the doctor said, almost as if he were saying it to us. "That cut on his face will take a little time to heal. But that's a minor thing. He's very fortunate."

LARRY and I stopped still where we were. There couldn't be any doubt at all as to whom the doctor meant. Evidently the man they had thought might be dead was not so dead—was not even badly hurt. The change in my feelings was so sudden that I felt weak all over. I could hardly breathe. The terrible thing I thought I'd done wasn't done at all! I had another chance; that was the way it seemed. I had another chance to go on living the way I had lived before, to have fun, and meet my dad when he should come home, with nothing to tell him that would spoil everything.

I can't describe the way I felt. Of course I saw that I had been awfully scared for nothing, and that I had been a fool to take it all so seriously before I knew. I was suddenly glad that we hadn't confessed. I stood still there, thinking of that, while the doctor went off down the steps past us, paying no more attention to us than as if we belonged there. And the woman in the door, who, we saw, was Mrs. Pryor, went inside and shut the door. And there we were!

I turned to Larry. "Come on," I said. "That settles it. If nobody is much hurt, that lets us out."

"How about the smashed car?" Larry asked as we turned away together.

"We'll find some way to pay for it," I told him.

I felt so glad now that I wanted to run and yell. We went back out of Pryor's gate and over to where the smashed car was, almost as if we'd never had anything to do with it. Some people were still there staring at the car and talking about it, and we walked up to them as if we'd come to see it for the first time. As soon as I began to look it over, I could see that it was an old battered thing, not worth much. It wasn't nearly so good a car as the old secondhand one Dad had bought me to bat around in. And it suddenly occurred to me that I could find out

who the owner of the car was, and could give him mine to make up for the damage done. I mean, I thought I could give it to him secretly, so he wouldn't know where it came from. Then he wouldn't be any worse off for the accident, and I would have made up for all I had done, and more too, and yet we wouldn't have to face all the blame and criticism and moralizing that people would offer if they knew. Besides, I knew, now that I thought of it, that if people knew I'd been mixed up in this affair, they wouldn't sympathize much with Larry and me over our quarrel with Pryor at High.

When we walked away, back to the Cadillard again, we talked it over. Larry thought just as I did. There was no use getting ourselves into a lot more trouble now by telling that we had caused the accident; nobody was seriously hurt and we could make up the property damage. So that was all there was to it. But I remember that, as I drove the Cadillard home, every little while a shiver would go over me and I would turn sick as I remembered the way the flivver had crashed and that woman had screamed. I thought to myself that, no matter what might happen again, I'd never do anything I knew wasn't exactly safe or on the level, because if it did turn out badly it was terrible.

That made me pretty comfortable, and I thought everything was going well and that I was awfully lucky. I guess I thought everything would turn out all right at High and Larry and I would get back, and all would be smooth again. As I got out of the car in our own garage, I thought I'd better see if we'd got the rugs dirty, or anything. I like to have Jim Kemp, our chauffeur, feel that we take good care of the Cadillard, so that he will know we make decent use of it. I turned on the dome light in the sedan and looked inside the back part. What do you think I found there? The clothesline we'd stretched across Orchard street, and that Billy Ring had said they'd carried away! They had carried it away—and put it in my car! I can tell you I began to wonder what that meant. What were Dale Drayton and Billy Ring scheming to do? They must have something up their sleeve, or they never would have put that rope in my car.

Chapter VI

LARRY and I couldn't think of anything to do about it that night. If we'd known who the driver of the wrecked car was, we'd have taken my flivver to his house immediately. But we didn't know, so would have to wait till we could find out. We thought probably the story of the accident would be written up for the Hazelhurst Beacon, and we could ask the editor about it, as if we had just heard that somebody was hurt; or we could telephone to him and ask him so he wouldn't even know who we were. Anything else we might do would have to wait on that.

We thought of taking the clothesline back to the yard where Bones Campbell had got it, and putting it up again as if it had never been taken away. But it was very late, and we were tired; besides, we thought Jim or Nora might hear us take the car out again and would think we were sky hooting too much. So we took the rope out of the car and hid it under the back veranda steps, where it wouldn't be likely to be seen. And then we went to bed.

Next day it seemed to me as if I'd just had a bad dream. It didn't seem possible that all that had happened really had happened. Then, too, Larry and I were keen to go and meet Brook Carrington and see Will Rock's show. In daylight I didn't see much that Dale Drayton could do to injure us. Since we had found the rope he left in the car, and had hidden it where nobody was likely to find it, I didn't see how it could make trouble for us. I didn't see then what Dale Drayton could be intending to do, anyway, and I thought he had just put the rope in the car as a smart Alec trick.

We thought of driving my flivver up past Pryor's the next morning to see if

the wrecked car was still there, but we decided it was taking chances we didn't need to take. So we didn't go. We had a rather hard time to put in the morning around home. I know now I was wondering all the time if anything would happen that I didn't expect, and I was anxious. I wasn't smart enough then to see that I wouldn't have been afraid of anything that could happen if I hadn't still felt guilty about my part in the affair. Even though I'd made up my mind—or thought I had—that I'd never take a chance again, I was taking a chance now that I didn't even see.

It was nearly noon when we went to a drugstore and called up the Beacon office. We got the editor, Mr. Savage, on the 'phone, and I asked him about the accident up at Pryor's last night. I was completely surprised by the way he answered.

"Well," he said, hesitating as if he wasn't sure he would tell us, "who is this talking?"

It startled me a little, but I answered quickly: "Why, I just heard that a man was hurt, and I thought I'd find out who he was."

"Yes," the editor said, "but you can't have any objection to telling me who you are."

That made me feel funny. Alarmed, maybe, is the word.

"But why should I?" I asked. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Only that I won't tell you unless you give me your name. You're the third that's called up this morning about that accident. And by the sound of your voices I guess you all belong to the crowd that put up some kind of a trick on Mr. Pryor last night, and your trick had something to do with the accident to Cayson's car. Isn't that about right?"

(Next month Sandy and Larry meet Will Rock and see his show from back stage. Sandy has an alarming telephone conversation, and Dale Drayton makes a surprising move.)

Launching Out Into the Deep

(Concluded from page 11)

words. When human lives thrilled in answer to them in the days of Jesus, they produced a huge draught of fishes. In other days they have discovered a new world, laid bare the treasures of the earth, conquered waste lands, charted the

seas and the air. The miracle of the draught of fishes is a mighty miracle, a miracle in which the fish are the least important factor and three qualities of mind, God-implanted in human lives, are the greatest.

(The End)

The Class Play

(Concluded from page 26)

thoughts. A smile spread over her face. It was really quite simple.

The play ended. Virginia was first of all to rush through the entrance to the stage, to offer congratulations.

"Elsie, you were just the sweetest ever. My, I'm so proud of you all!" Virginia was radiant. "Bucky Southern, you're the meanest villian I ever saw, but you were simply professional in your acting." Just then she spied Jimmy and Bobette, and rushing over to them grasped a hand of each. "Bobette, you and Jimmy were adorable. I've never known a school play to be done so beautifully."

Virginia's sincerity and enthusiasm were unquestionable. Bobette felt ashamed of the little spirit of conquest she had enjoyed during rehearsals, and was content to cover her embarrassment by her attention to others of the throng now flocking on the stage. Jimmy, however, seemed intent on catching up on all the things left undiscussed with Virginia during the rehearsals.

Mickey had been so absorbed in his observations of this little episode that until he saw every one on the stage looking at him askance, he did not realize that his thoughts had slipped out in the audible form of, "Well, can yuh tie that!"

(The End)

The Love of God Takes Care of You

AT HOME, at school, at work, at play,
Wherever I may go or stay,
These words I always seem to see,
"The love of God takes care of me."
It's easier to do right things
When something in me sings and sings.
For then I hear as well as see,
"The love of God takes care of me."

I often listen for that song,
When something tempts me to the wrong,
For I am safe as I can be,
If love is taking care of me.
When all about me is the night,
If clouds are dark or stars are bright,
Across the sky I seem to see,
"The love of God takes care of me."

If some one else is lone and sad,
It always helps to make him glad,
To say, "Don't let yourself be blue;
The love of God takes care of you."
When Jesus said that God takes care
To number every little hair,
I'm sure He meant that, great or small,
The love of God takes care of all.

—H. Edward Mills.

Where Can a Man Find God?

(Concluded from page 7)

plete—expression of God. We must look *through* life to its implied ideal for a true view of God.

Consider the life of a great man. You judge his life not by what he was as an infant or as a child or at the age of twenty-one or forty-eight, but by what his life as a whole expressed. Even then, if you judge wisely, you do not limit him to what he actually attained, but allow much for his implied ideals—the vision which possibly found only partial expression through his life. You distinguish between the man and the man's life. You look through the events of his life for the indication of what the man behind those events might be. So must we look behind the events of life for the nature of God.

Even our partial and incomplete survey of life will expand our concept of its Creator.

If you say that man is created after the prototype of God, that God is like man, only greater, I will ask you, "Like what man?"

Only one man approaches closely in expressing the nature of God, and that is the ideal man, the Christ man, manifest in Jesus, and dormant within us all as a partially embodied ideal. None of us has ever seen that man except in our mind's eye, yet he is more real, and expresses more truly the nature of God than any one we have ever seen. He expresses the nature of God more truly than other men, because he expresses the ideal, the ultimate, of what all men are seeking to attain.

We can find nowhere a body or a form that we can call God; but we may find back of all form a Spirit for which no less name than God is adequate.

We behold in all life forms the evidence of a guiding and unchanging law that resists and destroys evil and that promotes and prospers the good. That law is no respecter of persons, but operates with unerring justice toward all.

We discover that these laws always favor the good—favor not always what seems to us to be the immediate good, but always that which is the ultimate

good. We find that these laws are unchanging, unerring, impartial. They give the evidence of a mighty plan that is evolving majestically toward an ultimate perfection. It is in these laws and in this plan that we find God.

Has God, then, no personal aspect? no compassion? no tenderness? no feeling? If not, then whence came these things into the world? Are not our human expressions of these qualities but a partial expression of God? Are they not the elusive expressions of this Presence we are seeking? the qualities that bear witness to a higher order of intelligence than that of mere force or energy? It is these qualities and others similar to them that, with almost unconscious reverence, we speak of as being Godlike.

Does this God, who is beginning to take form and vesture in our thought, answer prayer? Yes, a thousand times, yes. He answers prayer, not through the abrogation of His steadfast laws, but through the changes that are wrought in the man who prays. It has been said that no man ever knelt in prayer without arising a better man. Being a better man, he thereby opens the way for an answer to his prayer for some kind of betterment. God does answer prayer. Often the answer comes about in ways that seem quite simple and understandable to us; but prayers are answered also in ways that are past our present understanding. No one can turn consciously to the Author of his being without experiencing beneficial results, although it is quite possible that he may not always be able to explain how the results came about, or why.

We dwell constantly in the presence of God; let us dwell consciously in that presence, as well.

Long, long ago God spoke to Moses from a burning bush, and revealed to him that the ground whereon he stood was holy ground. That miracle should be common to us all; for every bush is aflame with His presence, and all ground whereon men walk is holy ground. The world does not lack God's presence; it needs only that we shall recognize that presence, and be glad.

The Tenth Man

The Tenth Man Heeds "That Something"

When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.

IF YOU don't believe that there is a God, you believe that there is Something. Perhaps you call it "That Something." What you call it doesn't matter. What you know of it makes you what you are.

Conscience is perhaps the most common term applied to this indefinable, undetermined, indefinite Something. But it is more than conscience. We say that people's conscience may become so deadened that they are no longer able to distinguish between right and wrong. Isn't it logical that if the conscience becomes dulled by abuse, it may become illumined through cultivation? According to the letters we receive from young people this fact is not only logical but demonstrable. The following extract from H. J. K's. letter is a good example:

"I was writing to *Youth* to learn whether or not I should go on petting parties, even though I am left without boy friends when I don't. The answer came to me while I was writing; something told me I should not."

And in a later letter from the same Tenth Man:

"Believe it or not, I am sincere when I say I was sick in bed this morning and

I am perfectly well this afternoon. I started to read all my copies of *Youth* and by the time I had read the first three or four from cover to cover, *something* told me how very foolish it was for me to be lying there, when I could just as well be enjoying good health. Inspired by *Youth*, I prayed and was well within a few hours."

There is something mighty fascinating about "That Something" that tells us the right answer every time if we but give it a chance.

And when the fact dawns upon us that in reality "That Something" is the true self of us, whose whisperings are faint only because the human self of us is so noisy, it becomes more fascinating than ever; it even becomes irresistible.

As our conception of it grows we see more and more clearly that it is a Guide. We reverence and love it because it saves us from unpleasant experiences.

When we began to experience the greater joy which comes from doing right, from following "That Something," the word conscience no longer seems adequate. We began to call it the voice of the Spirit of Truth.

Some of us call it God.

Healing and Prosperity Thoughts

May 20 to June 19

I am stirred to action, health, and strength, as I listen to the clarion call, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee."

The substance of my thought is that God gives me all-sufficiency in all things, and I am secure in my prosperity.

Mariella, Moth

(Concluded from page 25)

there, even those five whom she had not seen in the darkness at the back of the hall. Still smiling, she stepped back and sat down beside Mrs. Rich, nodding at her once or twice, looking out between her eyelashes.

Then, queerly, the lift went out of her chin, the poise out of her body. She dropped her eyes and played with her handkerchief. Lize and Polly in the seats they had taken when the music started up wondered anxiously if she were ill. They thought making a speech must have been a tremendous strain, and whispered about it. Still Barry said nothing.

But when the meeting was over, he followed close upon the girls down the aisle to the door of the anteroom through which Mariella had all but vanished.

"Mariella, darling, why didn't you say you were up to something like this?" cried Polly. "Why, you're a lion to have inhabiting one's little old apartment. Say, you know, we'd have taken some

care of you, getting ready and all——"

"I didn't manage very well by myself, then?" Mariella asked wistfully.

Lize caught her hand suddenly and squeezed it.

"El, you look—oh, just really splendid. 'Member what I told you days ago, one night you came in? 'Bout if you could 'get it out'? Well, you have. You're—oh, you're pretty tricky, really. I'm proud, El, I am."

THEN there was Lize's brother Barry at Mariella's shoulder, looking down. He was taller than Mariella, with strong gray eyes that put a label on you. Beyond him Mariella could see nobody—not the club women, not Lize and Polly and Jane Ann and the interne—nobody. She felt poised again, strong, ready.

"Moths, you know," he was saying, "besides being very useful, are the most fascinating form of life there is."

(The End)

Under a Pile of Shadows

(Concluded from page 9)

but they do not come from the sun. They are there because the sun is shut out. Likewise, the griefs of our lives come because we shut out God. When God fully occupies a life, earthborn anxieties move out. God and shadows cannot exist in the same life. There may be sorrows now and then, but they are always lightened by the knowledge of His presence.

Happiness is a state of mind which may be cultivated. In life there is more sunlight than clouds, more beauty than ugliness, more blessings than misfortunes, more happiness than sorrow. If there is not more happiness than sorrow in our individual lives, it is because we are looking in the wrong direction. When we turn to face the light, the shadows will disappear.

What we look for we usually find. Recently a woman lost a diamond. It was swept into the garbage can and emptied into a pile of rubbish. A rag picker came along and picked the rags out of the pile.

Then a paper picker came along and picked the paper out of the pile. The woman came back to look for her diamond. She found it. Each person found that for which he was looking.

HAPPINESS is subjective, a quality of Spirit. It grows inside of us. It can never be added from the outside. We may imagine that happiness is bound up with earthly honor or gold. This is a mistake. Riches themselves may be only shadows that weigh us down. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul under a pile of shadows?

When we "break" the commandments of God, they in turn break us. Troubles do not come to us, we go to them. If we have God with us, calamities will not crush us. Even the death of a dear friend does not utterly cast us down. Our submission to distractions wear us out, shadows break us down, all because we face in the wrong direction. What we need is a different viewpoint.

(The End)



Brink—Lives Again

THE story of Brink lives again in new splendor. This story, by Gardner Hunting, which started with the first issue of *Youth*, is perhaps the most popular story that ever appeared in this magazine. Young people everywhere were thrilled for a whole year by the adventures of Brink Foster, who came, seemingly from nowhere, exhausted and with a broken arm, into the workshop of Oliver Whittling. Old Oliver was a kindly philosopher, whose granddaughter, Janet—but here I am telling you the story and quite forgetting that all of you haven't already read it.

"Brink" was supposed to end with the December 1927 issue of *Youth* but went right on living in the hearts of all its readers. Now "Brink" appears again with a new name, with new illustrations, as a most attractive book. "Brink's" new name is *Sunrise Calling*. It is published by D. Appleton and company and is sold through Unity School.

If you failed to read "Brink" when it appeared as a serial in *Youth* you missed a big treat, but you can still have that treat in *Sunrise Calling*. If you have already read "Brink," this announcement is just what you have been waiting for ever since the serial ended a year and a half ago. *Sunrise Calling* is bound in the attractive Appleton style and priced at \$2. Send your order in early to Unity School.

PARTING SUGGESTIONS

At the same time that you are ordering *Sunrise Calling* for yourself why not order *Little Susie Sleep Ears* and *White Stockings and Other Tales* for little brother or sister. They are adorable new children's books, composed of the best liked *Wee Wisdom's* stories, attractively illustrated, and priced at only 75¢ each.

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